

In an interview Col. Morrow says that he doubts if the democratic majority for the State ticket will reach 20,000 and that he believes Mr. Knott's vote will fall short of that, owing to the dissatisfaction at the manner in which he was nominated. All of which is the merest bosh. If the brothers-in-law, Morrow and Bradley, think that he can, with a lot of figures which they have somehow made to lie, reduce the majority in this State from 40,000 to 20,000 they have very little opinion of the intelligence of the people. And as to the dissatisfaction in regard to Mr. Knott's nomination, it exists only among a few soreheaded democrats and designing republicans. He is the nominee of the Convention, should have been the nominee, and as such will receive the full party strength, provided the fact that he will be elected any how, does not keep many from the polls. The people of the State though, owe it to him to see that he is given even a larger than the usual majority. He has served his State and country well in National Legislation, has a reputation as blameless as it is broad and his election will restore the office of Governor of Kentucky to the honor and dignity that attached to it before the present administration brought it into odium and disrepute.

That the democratic party always shows itself the party of retrenchment and reform, while the republican party on the other hand abuses its power by a profligate expenditure of the public moneys placed in their control, can not be successfully denied. During the last ten years, the republicans have controlled both branches of Congress four years and the democrats have had one or both houses for six. The average annual appropriation during those years was \$154,341,000. The average annual appropriation during the four years of absolute republican control was \$168,157,000. The average for the six years when the democrats had something to say about appropriations was \$145,130,000. This shows a difference of more than \$23,000,000 a year in favor of the democratic party, and this in spite of the fact that its efforts in the interest of economical government were hampered for at least four years by the obstinate extravagance of a republican Senate. And still the republicans have the cheek to ask for the return of government in Kentucky, promising that its finances shall be more economically managed. The way faring man though a fool should not be caught by their clap-net.

More than 1,200 of Morgan's old command met at Lexington, Tuesday, after a separation of nearly 20 years and in camp at Woodland Park, chatted over the thrilling incidents that filled their soldier life for four years. Col. Frank Waters delivered an address of welcome followed by General Preston, Gov. McCreary, Senator Williams and others. Gen. Basil W. Duke replied to them in an eloquent and touching address and then his daughters and Gen. Morgan's were presented to the old command amid the wildest enthusiasm. At night Rev. J. William Jones, of Richmond, Va., delivered his address on the "Boys in Gray." But the feature of the occasion was Judge M. C. Santley's oration on the dead hero. It is described by those who heard it as one of the most ornate and eloquent efforts of the kind heard in many a day.

The colored convention at St. Louis is the question as to whether their race should be called negroes or colored people and it was unanimously agreed that the former is preferable, demanding, however, that it always shall be spelled with a capital N. We are glad to see the darkies getting over their foolish aversion to being called Negroes. Negro simply means black and as Senator Bruce, who is himself a Negro, says it is better descriptive of the race than colored people, which may include Indians, Mongolians and other races that are not white.

The Bowling Green Gazette, while still as full of news as an egg is of meat, is doing an extra amount of party-work most effectively. It is a high-toned, admirably conducted paper and its utterances are entitled to weight in both parties. We are glad to note too that in its Semi-weekly form, it bears decided evidences of thrift and prosperity as gratifying as deserved.

In Iowa a mob took a murderer from jail hung him till life was extinct, then filled his carcass full of balls and threw it in the river. The old woman would hardly ask in this case, as when told of a fatal accident by which the victim was torn nearly all to pieces, "Did they kill him?"

The telegraph tells us that the President will start from Chicago on his excursion to the Yellowstone Park July 31. The party will consist of Secretary Lincoln, Surgeon General, of New York, Governor Crosby, of Montana, Senator Vest and General Sheridan. They will travel by special train and at the end of the Northern Pacific road will be met by an escort, and will push forward on horseback. It will require 150 mules to carry their forty days' rations and form a courier line with the nearest telegraph station. These junketing expeditions set in fashion by Grant are no doubt very nice but there is no warrant in law for the President or any other man to use the government property for his own benefit as in this case. Arthur is paid \$50,000 a year in cash, besides almost as much in extras and if he wants to fly around the country for his own pleasure, he surely ought to pay for it out of his own pocket. To gull the unwary the republican speakers are charging all over the State that the finances of Kentucky have been managed in a most extravagant and reckless manner, while their own president thinks nothing of appropriating thousands of the public moneys and any of its property for his own peculiar delectation. As the N.Y. Sun would remark: The republican party must go.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—And now they say Jay Gould is financially embarrassed.
—Between 400 and 500 people are dying daily in Cairo, Egypt, of cholera.
—The democrats of Virginia held a heretofore Convention at Lynchburg.
—At the Hamilton sale of Short-horns 30 head brought \$9,155, an average of \$305.
—One hundred and sixty car loads of watermelons are received in Cincinnati daily.
—Four of the Arkansas Congressmen are for Carlisle for Speaker and all for a tariff for revenue.
—Collector Fennell has been fully exonerated of the charges of drunkenness, &c. against him.
—Six persons, three charged with murder broke jail at Richmond, Wednesday night and escaped.
—Gen. E. O. C. Ord, of the United States Army, died with yellow fever, at Havana, at 7 o'clock Sunday evening.
—August 12 to 19 has been appointed as a week of prayer by the Bishops of the Methodist church, South.
—Policeman Oden, at Winchester, shot and killed Wm. Havens, a negro, who resisted him when he tried to put him under arrest.
—The Court refused Lewis Kram's petition for divorce, and it will be a long time before a Court gives him \$100,000 for illegal incarceration.
—A farmer in Fulton county offered to sell his crop of wheat at 800 bushels after the threshing went into the field. His offer was refused, and it threshed 1,213 bushels.
—Dauphin, the Lottery man, has sued P. M. General Gresham for \$100,000, because he charged in an order that he was procuring money by false and fraudulent pretenses.
—The circular of the Agricultural Department in Washington says the backward weather has injured the corn prospects in Ohio and Northern Central Indiana.

A large meeting of the citizens of Louisville in sympathy with the striking telegraph operators, was held Wednesday night, Col. C. E. Sears, of the Post and Courier, Col. George Baber and Ed. Madden made stirring addresses.

While workmen were engaged in repairing a blast furnace at Syracuse, N. Y., the arch vault, in burying nine men under brick, mortar and soot, eight of them being killed outright, the other dying soon afterward. There is great excitement, and the Blast Furnace Company is greatly censured.

Judge Blodgett, of the United States District Court for Illinois, decided at Chicago that stockholders in a national bank are liable for the debts of the bank to the extent of their stock, and that individual suits to recover on this liability can be commenced without the intervention of a receiver.

North Point Tivoli, on the Patuxent river ten miles from Baltimore, a pier on which an excursion party was standing, awaiting the arrival of a boat gave way, and sixty or seventy women and children lost their lives. The water into which they fell was ten feet deep, and though many saved themselves by swimming, the loss of life was terrible. Two hundred persons are estimated to have fallen into the water.

Captain Matthew Webb, the noted English swimmer, attempted Wednesday to swim down the rapids below Niagara, and was lost in the whirlpool. The announcement that he would make the attempt drew only about five hundred people. He swam gracefully upon the resolute current till he came to the edge of the whirlpool, when he threw up one hand in fright and disappeared in the whirling cauldron. His body has not been recovered.

Replying to an invitation to attend the Morgan Reunion, Hon. Jefferson Davis wrote: "You have justly appreciated the many enduring memories of my youth which cluster around the place of my meeting, and it would be most gratifying to me to exchange salutations with the survivors of the gallant Kentuckians who left their homes to maintain, at every hazard, the principles embodied in the early history of their State by the resolutions of 1798. The name of your association is eloquently commemorative of daring deeds performed, of dire suffering borne and of heroic indignities inflicted on men who had bravely struggled in unequal combat to vindicate the rights their fathers left them. With my respects, please present to your associates the heartfelt good wishes, with which I am fraternally, &c."

BRO. BARNES IN SCOTLAND.

"PRAISE THE LORD"

DALKETH, SCOTLAND, July 2nd, 1893.

Dear Father:

[Continued from last issue.]

First "our host and of the whole Church," as this was before him, gave us a real Scotch hand-shake—good, hospitable Mr. James Tod, of Ekbank House, known to other Americans before us, as the man of the open door for those who love his LORD. A little heavy-set in figure, slightly bald, with brown, full beard, thick eyebrows with kindest of gray eyes, beneath, a mischievous Scotch brogue and hearty, open manners that put us at ease in a moment. "Heartily welcome to Ekbank," he said, as he shook hands with us, with such an emphatic roll of the tongue that we felt the heartiness of it at once and knew that we were welcome and entered upon the enjoyment of it without suspicion or delay.

Next, his good wife, with gentle, motherly grace, bid us the same in soft undertones, and a few pronounced but still unmistakable Scotch accents. Then our Brother John's wife, they having arrived the night before, and Mr. Alexander Tod, the third son, and his lovely, lately married wife, also warmly saluted us, and in the midst of this welcoming throng we entered the noble stone mansion, were shown into sumptuous rooms with every comfort and many luxuries provided, whence, after a little delay in washing and brushing, we descended to the dining-room and all sat down to a warm supper that fully closed the happy day with a generous answer to our keen appetites. Then family worship and to bed at 11, or a little later, with daylight not yet quite gone and only lying in wait to spring upon us at a little after 2 next morning. Remember we are in the latitude of Labrador and but for the Gulf Stream these lovely British Isles would be only tenanted by human beings clad in furs and drinking train oil by the quart to keep up a bodily combustion suited to the frigid climate. But the good LORD who sent apart these "Isles of the North" for his lost Israel made a suitable provision in the form of climate and soil of fruitfulness, where his people could "multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it," even, in the successive ages, calling out "this place is too straight for me; give me room!" and so off in swarms to other lands, because the parent hive could not contain them all, to plant the seeds of mighty nations N. E. S. and W. For Israel, lost to human sight, yet known to God, was to become not only a "great nation," but also a "company of nations." How has this "band of corn on the mountain top" multiplied, until the fruitful harvest "shakes like Lebanon," and the "face of the earth is filled" with the fruit of it. But the long summer days and lengthened winter nights of the frigid zone abide here still. At the present writing the night is only a little over three hours long. The meetings close at 9 and we walk home in broad daylight. The people read their hymn books and Bibles without the aid of gas, and the first morning after our arrival, when the strong daylight awakened me and I felt for my watch under the pillow to see whether I had not over-slept myself, I was greeted astounded to find it a little past 3, and sank back into the soft pillow for another four hours' slumber with feelings of relief so well known to my readers and yet so impossible to describe. "Bless the man who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza. Praise the LORD who "giveth this beloved sleep," I would rather say with my people's psalmists.

It will be long before I forget my first delightful night in Scotland, which yet was hardly "night" for the darkness, He called night" and there was very little of that in it. We had enjoyed such a delightful day in our journey through a "land of wonder," our welcome to Ekbank was so thoroughly charming; and our beds with soft linen sheets and pillows of down in such perfect keeping with the rest, that we could only say PRAISE THE LORD! and enjoy it to the utmost, which we did. The LORD knows how to ease for His children. And we are His. We greet our dear friends in America with increasing gratitude and affection from our new home in Scotia. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

EKBANK HOUSE,

DALKETH, SCOTLAND, July 24, 1893.

Dear Father:

Ekbank House, Mr. Jas. Tod's hospitable mansion, gets its name from the River, which flows a hundred yards, rather than a river, less than 100 yards in front of it. Between it and the Ekbank, however, runs the branch line of railway over which we came from Edinburgh. The house is on top of a steep bluff, with a beautiful hawthorn hedge running along the line of the railway and quite above it, so that only the puffs of the locomotive's smoke-stacks are seen from even the second story, or drawing-room windows, in which apartment I am writing this. A handsome gravel drive with greenest, close-shaven lawn beyond, bounded by the hawthorn hedge; a garden with spacious rare premises; no forest and fruit trees; grass like a carpet of green, with buttercups and daisies; coachman's house and stables, all very complete and well-ordered; the whole some three acres in extent; dwelling house two-storied, square stone, spacious, handsome, furnished, hospitably unimpairedly written on every room in it; this is where the LORD has brought us for a little while. Mr. Tod is a gentleman of ample means, acquired in palustrious application to his business through 40 years of industry; and now, surrounded by children and grandchildren, yet hale and vigorous himself and full of business energy, he is enjoying what he has fairly won by honest toil, as few men do, that I have seen. I do not think that I am blinded by partiality when I say that this particular branch of the great Tod family (most spell with a double "D" but these single) is a model branch. "Tod" is the Scotch for Fox, of which there is another great stream of families. Indeed "Foxhunter" is another name well-known and simply "foxhunter" from which the family cognomen originally sprang, without doubt.

"J. & J. Tod" is a firm well known in these parts and the name a synonym for integrity and fair dealing. James and John, the two brothers, remind one of those of old, and also "Israelites" indeed, in whom is no guile," though my good host stoutly repudiates the Anglo-Israel theory, his wife only advocating it, my single ally on this subject in the house. Our Mr. James has 7 children, 4 sons and 3 daughters, and all married but the youngest son, who stone lives with the parents. John and James are in business in London—our first acquaintances at Highbury—from this happy family; Alexander and wife keep house in Dalketh; Willie, the young missionary, of "Benetton's Close," resides at home with the folks. The daughters, one married to a minister and two to merchants and live in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Manchester, respectively. The homestead at Dalketh is the centre of gathering and seldom without a child visitant, and once again crowded with simultaneous arrivals. Love rules this exceptionally beautiful family circle. The sons-in-law and daughters-in-law are like the children born; all, as they come and go, fall into the unchanging rules of the well-ordered household, yet all are as free as birds on the wing. Ekbank House might be appropriately named "Liberty Hall" as well. Ever since coming to England we have been impressed with the beautiful respect shown by children to parents and the well-ordered households we have visited; and this house is exceptionally attractive, even in this "land of Israel." It is a wholesome atmosphere in which to live. It touches and softens one's own life at every turn to walk in it.

I trust that in speaking of these dear friends out of the fulness of a loving heart, I am not violating the courtesies of life, nor giving undue publicity to anything that ought to be left unwritten. The simple fact is that I want my friends in America to know my friends in Britain; and I feel sure if the dear LORD continues to use us I shall have occasion often to mention these kind friends, whose whole hearts are in the blessed work I am engaged in. And I feel sure the LORD will stick to us. A Scotchman moves cautiously, but when he moves he means it.

Saturday morning we saw the little children of our Brother John, who had been hours tucked away in their little beds when we reached Ekbank House the night before; and also Miss Edith Piper, another dear London friend, the youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Piper, of Highbury. She had retired early to make up for loss of sleep in their railway ride the night before. Breakfast over, and knowing there was much to be seen, we put ourselves into the hands of our kind friends and it was not long before we were off to visit Dalketh House, one of the country seats of the Duke of Buccleuch. The grounds around it extend over many hundreds of acres, being about 4 miles square; with, in it, said, 50 miles of carriage drives, first and last. The estate is surrounded by a heavy stone wall, much of it very ancient. The preserves abound in game—chiefly pheasants and hares, that are bred with great care, but so tame that it is simply murder to shoot them; not sport. The variety of forest, glade, lawn and river scenery (for the Ekbank flows through the estate, first in two branches, N. and S., and then in a single stream formed by their confluence) is indescribably beautiful. We saw only a small portion immediately around the mansion, which of course is the handsomest and most elaborately kept. The house is a great, heavy, square, stone structure of three stories and projecting wings, rather more like a great college building than anything else. But the inside is grand indeed. The Duke's income is reported as £1,000,000 a day, he being one of the richest noblemen in the British Isles. He has many estates here and in England and only comes to Dalketh a few weeks in the year. The Queen honored him with a visit of a week, while the Prince Consort lived, and we had the pleasure of seeing the very room she occupied and the bed of white satin throughout (as to the covering of mattress, pillows and bolster) in which she royally rested at night. The bedstead was of a gorgeousness to match, with wondrous gilding, carving and upholstery. The pictures that hang over the whole house, in every room, are of the richest and costliest kind. Their value can hardly be reckoned in £. s. d. The walls of nearly all the rooms are old oak in panels. The floors ditto, in small squares. The views from the upper windows back and front are exquisite. The grounds on both hands of the Ekbank lie in position to bring out any landscape effect that nature backed by money can desire. The family name of this line of proud peers is Scott. The present Duke sits in Parliament, not in virtue of his Scotch Dukedom, for that alone would not put him there; but in virtue of an English barony that does entitle him to a seat. Scotch peers sit in Parliament, in the House of Lords; that is, they are entitled to a certain number of seats there, and that number is filled by elections among themselves. They are to be a man, because a majority of the Scotch peers are that, and therefore none others are returned to Parliament. The liberal Scotch peers in the Upper House, like the Duke of Argyll and others, are all there in virtue of English baronies, otherwise they would not be there at all.

One thing I will mention before leaving the Duke's grounds, to which we may not return in these letters. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who attempted to get the throne of his father, Charles II, but failed and was beheaded, married a Countess of Buccleuch. When his head was taken off, his unhappy widow ordered an avenue of young lime trees to be topped off, every tree six or eight feet from the ground. To-day, one of the most beautiful avenues on the grounds is composed of ancient lines of prodigious size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth hanging in different rooms of Dalketh House, as also many of his beautiful mother. The family is evidently proud of this contest of size, each bearing the pathetic mark of the headman's axe in a circle upon the gnarled trunk, where they were decapitated nearly 200 years ago. The lime is the same as the lime of Germany and our lime—a great favorite as an avenue tree in the British Isles, as well as in some localities on the Continent. There are more than a dozen portraits of

